# Origines Diviſianae.

## OR THE

# ANTIQUITIES

## OF THE

# *DEVIZES:*

In ſome Familiar Letters to a Friend,

Wrote in the Years 1750, and 1751.

by D^r John Davis

——— Αρχαιοισι φίλεχθρος ενεσι.

LONDON.

Printed and Sold by J. P[illegible]NT, at the *Turk's Head* in *Fin[illegible]*; Sold alſo by C. CORBETT, at *Addiſon's Head* in *Fleet-Street*. 1754.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

# LETTER I.

Dear SIR,

THERE is a particular fondneſs in all mankind, that I have yet met with, for the places of their nativity. Whether this preference be woven in our conſtitutions, or is the effect of education, cannot certainly be determined. Other incidents may fall in; connexions with relations, or friends, particular intereſts, or the pleaſing remembrance of the innocent amuſements and diverſions of childhood may have their ſhare in forming it. I am not therefore ſurpriz'd at your affection for the Devizes, nor at the conſtant inquiries you are making among your Friends concerning its Antiquities. This paſſion Virgil ſeems to have felt in a natural manner, when he makes his Shepherd complain ſo feelingly,

*Nos dulcia linquimus arva:*

And when the courſe of the Georgick brings him in ſight of his Mantua, he laments its ruin in the following paſſionate line

*Et qualem infelix amiſit Mantua campum.*

To gratify this deſire of yours, I have catch'd at every thing relating to the town, which caſually offer'd itſelf in the progreſs of my Studies; and if any particulars occurr'd, I thought my ſelf poſſeſs'd of a valuable acquiſition, becauſe it would give you pleaſure. The few that have come to my knowledge, I communicate to you.

They who are but moderately acquainted with the ſtudy of the early Engliſh antiquities muſt ſoon have been convinc'd, that they are engag'd in a dry and uncomfortable taſk, and oblig'd to plunge thro' many difficulties and puzzle through a variety of perplexities: The originals of Facts lying confus'd, and involv'd; and are to be found out only, like Rattle-Snakes, by their Tails. Here truth is as cloſely blended with error, as lights and ſhades in painting, it being very difficult even to a diſcerning eye to determine in a well executed picture where the ſhade ends, or the light begins. The monuments, which the Romans left behind them in Britain, are greatly diſfigur'd and chang'd by the barbarity

barity of the ſucceeding conquerors; they left no traces of arts or ſciences behind them, and indeed nothing but what is now become valuable ruins. Theſe, tho' they have greatly advanc'd the prices of eſtates, yet have embarraſs'd the Engliſh antiquarian. His curioſity however is not to be cenſured for making attempts toward explaining them, if his views are but properly regulated. Would the writers upon theſe ſubjects permit modeſty and reaſon now and then to ſtep into their minds, they would reſtrain their looſe imaginations, and keep within the bounds of uſeful and beneficial knowledge. Their readers too would be freed from peruſing long and lifeleſs books, made up chiefly of fanciful ſuppoſitions inſtead of well-grounded facts; which has been too much the caſe in the point before you.

The later authors, who mention this Town, are deſirous of giving it an early original. I will acquaint you with their ſentiments, and leave them to your own deciſion, as well as the curſory remarks that lye intermix'd. Some would have this town Britiſh, ſome Roman, and others Saxon. They, who contend for its being Britiſh, aſſert Dunwallo to have been its founder, or Diviſus. The firſt opinion has had the ill fortune to be ſupported,

neither by facts, nor even by probabilities, Doctor St—kl—y is a kind of a ſort of a patron of the laſt. Tho' in his Itinerarium Curioſum (*a*) he earneſtly contends for this town being the ſame with the *Punctuobice* of an Anonymous Writer of Ravennas, and by this gives it the honour of a Roman ſtructure. Yet in his Stonehenge (*b*) he is in ſome diſtreſs to determine, whether it might not have been built by an old Britiſh King Diviſus, who he himſelf chriſten'd Divitiacus. Theſe curious ſuggeſtions will by and by require an attentive conſideration when your Friend has nothing elſe to do.

I know of no authority relating to the Britiſh affairs, that go farther back than the account deliver'd by Julius Cæſar: and the ſucceeding Claſſical Authors themſelves aſſure us, that he knew little more than their out-lines (*c*). The ſubſequent writers

(*a*) P. 136, 137. (*b*) P. 48.

(*c*) Horace calls in his time the Briton *intactus*, Lucan ſays the Romans

*Territa quæſitis oſtendunt terga Britannis.*

Propertius in his complement to Auguſtus adds,

*Te manet invictus Romano marte Britannus.*

Tacitus is very preciſe in his evidence when he ſays of Julius Cæſar, *illum Britanniam tantum oſtendiſſe non tradidiſſe Romanis*—And Strabo ſays, Δὶς δὲ διέβη Καῖσαρ εἰς τὴν νῆσον ὁ θεός· ἐπαινῆλθε δὲ διὰ ταχέων ἐδὲν μέγα διαπραξάμενος, οὐδὲ προελθὼν ἐπὶ πολὺ της νήσου, κ. τ. λ. Edit. Amſtel. 1707. p. 306.

ters are too general to be proper Evidences for the Doctor. I never heard of any ancient books remaining of the Britons; they are all loſt, if they ever ſubſiſted. The language only remains; and the recondite Antiquarian founds facts of hiſtory upon the Radix's of this, as the myſterious Hutchinſonian builds ſyſtems of philoſophy upon Hebrew ones. Theſe Etymologies have furniſhed out great attempts for wonderful diſcoveries, the words having been tortur'd and wove into a delicate contexture of flimſy probabilities (*a*).

Dr. Muſgrave thinks it a Roman town, but its ancient name loſt (*b*). He has produc'd ſome grounds for his conjecture from the many Roman antiquities found in its neighbourhood. I wonder that the Antiquarians have not avail'd themſelves of the advantages that ariſe from its name: from hence might ſtart a pregnant hint for a viſionary in antiquities. The word Divizes is very near the latin Diviſæ. This looks ſomething like a Roman word, and indeed

(*a*) The uncommon advantages of Etymological knowledge you will find very handſomely handled by a Friend of mine in his ingenious treatiſe on Barley Wine; who is a merry Greek, and ſenſible even when Carotic or Carybaric; and indeed always, but when he is delicate, v. Οινος Κρεθινος, p. 23. and a diſſertation upon *Cloſe-ſtools*.

(*b*) Belg. Britan. i. 124.

indeed could the word be trac'd clearly back to the Roman times, it would be a reaſonable proof of the place itſelf being a Roman work. The Romans left Britain about the year CCCCLXXVI; the Saxons and Danes kept poſſeſſion till MLXVI; barbarous and ignorant nations, who extirpated the people, and almoſt the language of Rome. The monks however preſerv'd ſome Relicks of the tongue out of this general devaſtation. William of Malmſbury, the moſt accurate and ſenſible writer of all the Monkiſh hiſtorians, has retain'd ſome Roman names of towns; among others he calls the Biſhop of Lincoln, Epiſcopus Lind-colnienſis (*a*), that is, Lindi coloniæ. This writer all along calls this town Diviſæ. But Roger Hoveden under the years MLXIII and MLXXII, and Dugdale's Monaſticon uſe this word for boundaries (*b*); and the ancient lawyers, as Bracton (*c*) and Fleta (*d*). Whether theſe intimations are credible, or what theſe boundaries meant, the Author will not take upon him to determine.

'Tis

(*a*) Hiſtor. edit. Savil. p. 103, 9.
(*b*) i. 3. 373. 858. (*c*) 108, b.
(*d*) l. 4. c. 2. §. 17 & c. 6. §. 8.

'Tis by no means probable, that this town was a Saxon building in the time of Alfred, as the annotator on his life is reported to have advanc'd; for the name would then have had ſome Saxon termination, which no one has yet ventur'd to aſſert. Nor can it be allow'd to have had its name from a diviſion of lands between King Stephen and Roger Biſhop of Salisbury; becauſe the grant of theſe lands was made to Roger, before Stephen was King; and no diviſion of lands appear to have been made, or poſſibly could be, between Stephen and Roger; as will appear below. So that all the ſcene here laid before you is like Milton's Chaos,

" *As dark as Erebus or night.*

The Roman coins and Penates found in its neighbourhood do not prove the town Roman, becauſe theſe might have been hid in fields. It is very reaſonable to believe it a town not known in or near Antoninus's time; becauſe no traces can be found of it in his Itinerary. That it was the *Punctuchice* of Ravennas wants clearer proofs, than can be wire-drawn from an unmeaning, unaccountable, and an abſurd Etymology. Though the Via

Icena,

Icena, according to Mr. Wiſe (*a*) points to Abury, it does not prove that it paſſes thro' the Devizes. There are no marks left of any Roman works in or near the place, unleſs that near Roundway Hill be a Roman camp; which would prove as well Calne, and all the towns under the downs, which have Roman camps in their neighbourhood, to have been Roman. Another Reaſon why it could not be ſo, may be deriv'd from the nature and ſituation of the place. The Romans were too well inſtructed to build a town at ſuch a diſtance from a River, unleſs upon a Cauſeway; at which Mr. Wiſe has made a fair point, but nothing aroſe. Mr. Cambden, with his uſual prudence and judgment, has kept clear of all intimations, that might carry this place into any remote antiquity.

We can indeed go no further back than where you have often formerly play'd, the Caſtle; which engages you even now in amuſements almoſt as trifling and inſignificant, as the diverſions of your childhood. But ſince we are come to this ſpot, here you may ſet your feet upon firm ground. I am oblig'd however to tread with Caution, and to follow the footſteps of the earlieſt Monkiſh hiſtorians; for their ſucceſſors

(*a*) Wiſe's White Horſe, p. 43.

ceſſors are very buſy in adding largely to their facts; they are not contented to deliver them, as they were handed down, without intruding ſome of their own unaccountable inventions into the relations of their predeceſſors.

You may from hence conclude that I have a ſtrong paſſion for Antiquities; yet there is no one that gives me ſo much pleaſure as an old Friend, which I am ſatisfied you are to him, that aſſures you, he is,

Dear Sir,

Very much yours.

## LETTER II.

Dear Sir,

AN old woman, who ſhew'd Lord Bathurſt's fine place by Cirenceſter, was aſk'd by a Gentleman that came to ſee it— Pray what building is that?—Oh, Sir, that is a ruin a thouſand years old, which my Lord built laſt year; and he propoſes to build one this year half as old again. This abſurdity is ſcarce greater, than what is ſeriouſly practis'd by modern

antiquarians. Dr. St—k—y is for carrying the Caſtle of the Devizes into the legendary date of the old Woman. There is no authority to place it higher than MCXXXII, when it was built by Roger Pauper. You muſt be let into the hiſtory of this perſon, becauſe the fate of the Caſtle follow'd the fate of the man.

We are aſſured by Thomas Wykes (*a*), that Roger came over with Prince Henry from foreign parts, which muſt have been Normandy, a ſecular prieſt, and *poor* from his name. He attach'd himſelf to the inclinations and intereſts of the Prince, who made him his Chaplain. We have the authority of William of Malmſbury, who was perſonally acquainted with Roger, for his being privy-councellor to Henry, after he became King, and then his firſt favourite; who made him Chancellor, and after Biſhop of Saliſbury. The King finding his abilities and addreſs in governing his dioceſe very ſingular, committed to him the care of the whole Kingdom. Roger declin'd this important and dangerous charge, till he was oblig'd to comply by the injunctions of three Archbiſhops and the Pope. He acquitted himſelf in this employment without cenſure or even envy, the

(*a*) Chronic. p. 26.

the uſual companions of prime Miniſters; diſcharging all his eccleſiaſtical affairs every day in the morning, that he might afterwards do the public buſineſs without interruption. He lived with magnificence and ſpent great ſums in building, particularly at Saliſbury and Malmeſbury; where the ſtructures were very large, very beautiful, and very expenſive. The work was executed with ſuch ſurpriſing neatneſs, that the joints in the ſtones were not perceptible; which made the whole pile look, as if it was form'd out of one ſolid piece. He built the Cathedral of Saliſbury from the ground, and adorn'd it with ornaments in ſo rich a manner, as to make it the moſt delicate ſtructure in England (*a*). Roger, as well as Stephen, and many of the firſt people of the kingdom had given an oath to King Henry I, that they would promote the ſucceſſion of his daughter Matilda. Notwithſtanding this, the Biſhop, upon the death of King Henry, went into the intereſts and engag'd in the party of Stephen; and in MCXXXV was preſent at his coronation (*b*). This hiſtorian in another place ſays, he heard the Biſhop affirm many times, that he was abſolv'd

 from

(*a*) Malm. Hiſt. 91, a.
(*b*) Ib. Hiſt. Novell. 101, a.

from the oath, he made to King Henry; becauſe it was given upon condition, that the King did not marry his daughter to a foreigner without the privity of the Biſhop, and the reſt of the nobility: but that the nuptials had been conducted only by Robert Earl of Glouceſter, and two more. Malmeſbury adds, that he does not mention this, becauſe he believ'd the Biſhop's words true, [whom he knew to be a maſter of all the dexterity that was neceſſary to accommodate himſelf to the temper of the times] but becauſe he thinks himſelf oblig'd, as an impartial hiſtorian, not to omit it (*a*).

The nation, in the year MCXXXVIII, began to run into factions and tumults: The principal people being ripe for an inſurrection made bold applications to King Stephen for grants of lands and caſtles. Stephen delaying to gratify their ſollicitations, incens'd and irritated them to fortify Caſtles without his permiſſion, and againſt his intereſts; and likewiſe to make excurſions and depredations on the lands of the Crown (*b*). Stephen overlook'd this for the preſent, knowing that the Earl of Glouceſter was preparing for a deſcent from

(*a*) Malm. Hiſt. 99.
(*b*) Malm. Hiſt. Novell. 102. a.

from Normandy to ſupport his ſiſter Matilda's claim to the crown. He viewed therefore the great Caſtles, that were fortified by his ſubjects, with a jealous eye; and in the following year ſeized many, or forced them to ſurrender. Theſe circumſtances made him look upon Roger Biſhop of Saliſbury, and Alexander Biſhop of Lincoln, the two moſt powerful Biſhops, with particular ſuſpicions. Alexander had built a Caſtle at Newark, and Roger one at Sherburn, and another at the Devizes, incloſing a large tract of ground with many buildings adorn'd with Turrets. He had now likewiſe begun another at Malmeſbury; that of Saliſbury, granted to him by Henry I. was fortify'd for the Biſhop's uſual reſidence and protection. The envy of the Laity was raiſed to a high degree to ſee themſelves exceeded by the Clergy in power and poſſeſſions; which gave occaſion to jealouſies being inſtill'd into the King. He having addreſs enough to ſtifle his intentions, till a favourable opportunity offer'd, ſummon'd a Parliament to meet at Oxford on the 24th of June, where theſe two Prelates attended, with the Nobility. Roger inform'd our hiſtorian, that he found within himſelf, he knew not why, a ſtrong diſinclination to this Journey. Here happen'd an unfortunate

tunate quarrel between the attendants on the Biſhop and thoſe of Alan Earl of Britain, which very favourably coincided with the deſigns of the King. The conteſt began with words, but ended with blows: the ſwords of the Biſhop's men prevailed, the Earl's were put to flight. This incident gave the King an opportunity to convene the Biſhops in order to procure ſatisfaction for the inſult offer'd his court: and to inſiſt upon the ſurrender of the keys of their Caſtles, till a ſuitable reparation was made. Upon their declining to comply, the King commanded them to be detained, Roger without chains, but Alexander his Nephew, or more than his Nephew, in Irons. They were ſent and committed to the Devizes, a Caſtle built at a vaſt expence, not for the ornament, but as it now truly appear'd, for the detriment of the Church. Nigel Biſhop of Ely had eſcap'd from the King, and threw himſelf into it. The King beſieg'd it, and during the ſiege the caſtles of Saliſbury, Shirburn and Malmeſbury were delivered up. That of the Devizes held out; but Roger vowing a voluntary faſt to induce the Biſhop of Ely to ſurrender, oblig'd him to it in three days. The Biſhop of Lincoln purchas'd his Liberty at the expence of his Caſtle.

Henry

Henry Blois, Biſhop of Wincheſter, Stephen's own brother, and the Pope's Legate, ſummon'd the King to appear before a Council of Biſhops at Wincheſter, to anſwer for his apprehending Roger within the limits of his court, and Alexander within his own houſe; for forcing the Biſhop of Ely to fly for protection to the Devizes, and for taking poſſeſſion of their eſtates. The King refuſing to obey the citation in perſon, ſent his Attorney, who charg'd Roger heavily with diſaffection, and aſſerted that the king did not ſeize him as a Biſhop, but as his ſervant: that having found a little money in his Caſtles he took it as a lawful prize, being a treaſure acquir'd out of his Uncle's, the late King's, revenues: and that the Caſtles were not ſeiz'd, but voluntarily ſurrendered. Roger anſwer'd; that he never was this King's ſervant, and threaten'd an appeal to a greater Tribunal. The Legate inſiſted upon his brother Stephen's conduct being contrary to the Canons; and demanded a reſtitution to be made to the injur'd Biſhops. The Archbiſhop of Roan interpos'd and advanc'd, that Biſhops had no right to caſtles by the Canons; and if they had, they ought to deliver them up to the King at times of public danger. The King's Attorney aſſured them, that

if

if any perſon went to Rome to ſollicit this affair, he ſhould certainly find it an extreme difficulty to return. This prevented the Legate from proceeding to extremities, and thus the whole buſineſs dropped (*a*).

Matthew Paris (*b*) will inform you that this was the moſt ſplendid Caſtle in Europe: which we have ſeen above to have been a ſhort and dangerous poſſeſſion to its proprietor. Roger liv'd but a little time after; he dy'd on the 11th of December of a Quartan Ague; but rather, as it is ſaid, of a heart broken by the numerous and heavy injuries he received at the hands of King Stephen (*c*). Matthew Paris, in the place above cited, affirms, that the King took from the Biſhop, and out of this Caſtle, a treaſure ſufficient to purchaſe a marriage for his own ſon Euſtace with Conſtantia ſiſter to Lewis King of France. Henry (*d*) Knyghton aſſerts the ſum to have been 40000 Marks.

You, Sir, know the true uſe of riches too well to hoard them up, which ſeem to have been the cauſe of this Biſhop's ruin. In his fate you ſee the truth of that bold

(*a*) Malm. Hiſt. Novell. 102. b.
(*b*) Hiſt. Angl. Watts, p. 77. l. 33.
(*c*) Malm. Hiſt. Novell. Savill. 104. a.
(*d*) Script. decem. p. 2385. l. 52.

bold and beautiful metaphor in an old unfaſhionable book, which I quote, becauſe you poſſibly may not have it by you, *Riches make to themſelves wings, and fly away.* That this may not be your caſe is heartily wiſhed by

Your &c.

## LETTER III.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH you may have heard very often, that every man's houſe is his Caſtle; yet you may not have obſerv'd, before this cataſtrophe of the Biſhop's, that many a man's Caſtle proves his Priſon. You will ſee an inſtance ſimilar to this immediately. On the 25th of April MCXLI, this Caſtle of the Devizes was ſeiz'd by Robert ſon of Hubert, a young man of a profligate character, abandon'd to cruelty, rapine and blaſphemy. In this he intended to defend himſelf, till he could ſend for forces out of Flanders; and gave out very audaciouſly, that then he would be maſter of all the country from Wiltſhire to London. But John, who was maſter of the caſtle of Marlborough,

a man of ſtratagem, catch'd him, put him in chains, and hang'd him; becauſe he would not ſurrender to the Empreſs Matilda. So that the puniſhment he deſerv'd from the King he oppos'd, was inflicted upon him by a perſon of the party he had been attached to (*a*).

We hear nothing about this Caſtle for almoſt a hundred years after. The memory of it before had probably never been preſerved, had it not been for the misfortunes that attended the Biſhop who built it; and the deſerv'd, though the unexpected fate of Robert who ſeiz'd it. I ſhall therefore haſten to another ſcene, that made it remarkable among the Hiſtorians by the impriſonment of Hubert de Burgo; who makes a great figure in the reign of Henry III. This unfortunate man may make you rejoice in the happineſs of a ſnug retirement, and give you ſome amuſement, by ſeeing how precarious are the poſſeſſions of power and honours. You will receive the account from Extracts made out of Matthew Paris, cotemporary with Hubert. He muſt have been well acquainted with the Hiſtory of thoſe times which indeed were terrible from the weakneſs and bigottry of the

(*a*) Malm. Hiſt. Nouvell. 105. a.

the Prince, the artifices of the Prieſts, and the tyranny of the Pope. We ought to think ourſelves extremely happy who are placed at ſuch a diſtance, and under ſuch ſecurity from the influences of ſo cruel and ſo deteſtable a ſcheme of policy, profanely called Religion.

Hubertus de Burgo was made Chief Juſtice of England in MCCXXII (*a*), but ſoon fell under ſuſpicions for procuring a bull from the Pope to inveſt the exerciſe of the regal authority in the King before he was of age (*b*). The nobility grew diſaffected to the King becauſe he would not diſplace Hubert (*c*), who was ſuſpected of poiſoning the Earl of Saliſbury at an Entertainment made at his own houſe (*d*). However he preſerved his intereſt with his maſter and was made earl of Kent (*e*), and two years after became his firſt miniſter (*f*). The King deſigned to make a deſcent upon Normandy to recover the poſſeſſions of the Crown; a great army was raiſed, but the number of tranſports were not half enough to carry over the troops, which render'd the attempt ineffectual. Upon this Hubert was ſuſpect-



(*a*) Mat. Par. 315, 37.
(*b*) Ib. 318, 14. (*c*) Ib. 320, 6.
(*d*) Ib. 328, 53. (*e*) Ib. 337, 10.
(*f*) Ib. 353, 23.

ed of holding a treaſonable correſpondence with France (*a*). A general plunder was made all over England on the barns of the *Roman* (*b*) religious houſes by parties of men under arms. The Pope was made acquainted with it, who wrote to the King with his own hand, ſharply expoſtulated with him for permitting ſuch acts of injuſtice, and empower'd Peter de Rupibus to detect and excommunicate the Aggreſſors. Hubert was diſcover'd in the inquiry into this buſineſs to have indemnify'd the Pillagers under the King's Letters Patents (*c*). The real cauſe of this violence aroſe from the Romans having forcibly deprived the Gentlemen of their Advowſons (*d*). Peter by this time gain'd a great aſcendant over the King, and had influence enough to get Hubert diſplaced (*e*). Henry's revenues being much reduced, he, by the advice of Peter, called his miniſters to account, and Hubert among the reſt. Hubert particularly was loaded with breaches of truſt, and almoſt all kind of imputations (*f*); and after this even of high treaſon (*g*). He petition'd for time to bring

(*a*) Ib. 363, 39.
(*b*) Qu. If the Author does not mean ſome Houſes Daughters to Monaſteries in Italy?
(*c*) Mat. Par. 375, 43. (*d*) Ib. 376, 30.
(*e*) Ib. 376, 34. (*f*) Ib. (*g*) Ib. 377, 8.

bring in his anſwer to ſuch a variety of accuſations, and was allow'd it. But finding himſelf under the diſpleaſure of the King, and deſerted by his Friends, he retir'd in great terrors to the Priory of Merton near London (*a*). He was now further charg'd with having poiſon'd two men of quality, beſides the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and another Gentleman (*b*). In ſhort, all the crimes were heap'd upon him, that either his enemies could ſuggeſt, or the Devil himſelf commit. This oblig'd him to take ſhelter in the church of Merton, for he dar'd not appear to give in his anſwer on the appointed day for fear of the rage of the people; who by theſe accuſations were highly exaſperated (*c*). The King ſent orders to the Mayor and Citizens of London to put themſelves in arms, and to bring Hubert to him out of the Monaſtery by force, either alive or dead (*d*). The common people were delighted with the orders, having gained an opportunity to gratify their deteſtation of a degraded Miniſter, the moſt miſerable of all objects. But the Earl of Cheſter, foreſeeing the danger that might accrue to the public peace from an enraged Mob let looſe under

(*a*) Mat. Par. 377, 8. (*b*) Ib. 377, 35.
(*c*) Ib. 378, 2. (*d*) Ib.

der arms, prevailed upon the King to countermand their march, and command them back. The King after this was moved by the interceſſions of Ralph Biſhop of Cheſter, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin to grant Hubert a further time under his Letters Patents. This gave him an opportunity of taking a journey to St. Edmund's, to pay a viſit to his wife; but this likewiſe was conſtru'd into a matter of ſuſpicion. For it was inſinuated into the King that this journey would prove injurious to his affairs, becauſe it gave Hubert an opportunity of increaſing the diſaffection of his people. The King then diſpatch'd inſtantly Geoffry de Cranecumbe with a party of 300 horſe to bring Hubert back upon the peril of being hanged. He being pre-acquainted with the orders catch'd the alarm, and threw himſelf into a neighbouring chapel: where Geoffry deliver'd the King's orders, and commanded him to leave the ſanctuary. Upon Hubert's refuſal he and his men tore violently out of his hands the Crucifix he held; and ſent to a ſmith to make a ſett of chains. As ſoon as the ſmith found who the Priſoner was, he honeſtly and reſolutely refus'd to make the chains, reproached the officer, and gave a great character of Hubert, recounting the particular

ticular actions of his life by which he had often preſerved his Country. Geoffry upon this order'd him to be bound with cords, conducted him to London, expoſed him to the deriſion and inſults of the mob, and lodged him ſafe in the Tower. The Clergy applied to the King with their uſual outcries againſt the violation of the church, and threatened the offenders with Excommunication. The King found it moſt prudent to reconvey him to his chapel; but order'd the ſheriffs of Hertford and Eſſex, upon penalty of death, to inveſt it, and ſtarve Hubert. He employ'd himſelf perpetually at prayers, reſigning himſelf up to the protection of God, and the comfort of a clear conſcience. Tho' the King had now given peremptory orders, that no one ſhould dare to intercede in his behalf, or ſo much as mention his name in his preſence; yet the Archbiſhop of Dublin preſumed once more to interpoſe. The King anſwered, that the only thing left Hubert, that could ſave his life, was either to commit himſelf to perpetual baniſhment or a perpetual priſon, or elſe to make a publick profeſſion that he had been a Traitor. Hubert would ſubmit to neither of theſe terms, but promiſed to withdraw out of the kingdom for a time. The King received in the mean

time

time an information, that the treaſure of this man was lodged in the New Temple. He made a demand of it, which Hubert conſented to deliver up. The King however ordered the money to be counted and ſet down upon paper. Upon the ſearch after the money much gold and ſilver plate was found with ſome very precious ſtones. This gave his enemies an alarm, and a handle to accuſe him of pillaging the public. The King, notwithſtanding all theſe violent meaſures, relented at laſt, and gave Hubert back all his lands, that he had been poſſeſſed of by his Father's will, and his own purchaſes (*a*).

He was then ſent a priſoner to the Caſtle of the Devizes, and committed to the cuſtody of four keepers (*b*). Peter de Rupibus having ſtill the King's ear, influenced him to make a ſeizure upon the eſtates of ſome of his principal people; among which were Gilbert Baſſet and Richard Siward. The nation began to grow tumultuous upon diſcovering that the councils of Peter occaſioned theſe ſevere proceedings; and that the King was in the hands of a foreigner, who had brought ſo many of his own countrymen from Poictiers, that the nation ſwarmed with

(*a*) Mat. Par. 381, 9. (*b*) Ib.

with them (*a*). Peter retained his uſual averſion to Hubert, and procured from the King the cuſtody of this Caſtle; that he might loſe no opportunity, as it is ſaid, to deſtroy his perſon. Hubert received notice of the deſign from ſome of his Friends at Court. In the night at one o'clock, on the Eve of St. Michael, MCCXXXIII, while the reſt of the guards were aſleep, two of them conducted his eſcape: one watch'd, while the other took Hubert upon his ſhoulders, carried him through the Area of the Caſtle, went out of the great gate, paſſed with difficulty a deep foſs, aſcended to the Pariſh-church, and lodg'd him ſafe at the high altar. The two young men were unwilling to leave him, being determined to ſhare his fortunes. The other guards waking and miſſing their priſoner, were in a great conſternation, made immediate enquiries after him, and found him in the church with his chains on, carrying in his hands a Crucifix. He was apprehended and brought back to his priſon. The news of this affair ſoon reaching Robert Biſhop of Saliſbury brought him to the caſtle, where he injoined the guards to replace Hubert in the Church, and upon their refuſal ex-



(*a*) Mat. Par. 386.

communicated them. This Biſhop, accompanied with Roger Biſhop of London, and other prelates, had an audience of the King, laid Hubert's caſe before him, and ſucceeded in having the priſoner replaced; which the King conſented to with reluctance, but commanded at the ſame time the ſheriff to blockade the Church in order to ſtarve the Captive (*a*). Soon after Hubert was releaſed out of the church by his friends, who ſecured his eſcape with a Party of armed men, and conveyed him ſafe to Wales, where he joined with the King's Enemies (*b*). Theſe friends of his were Gilbert Baſſet, and Richard Siward above mentioned (*c*).

What became of him after Matthew Paris does not declare. I perſuade my ſelf that he lay ſnug in the mountains poſſeſſed of a caſtle which nature had rendered impregnable; and that he amuſed himſelf and others with a relation of his many uncommon eſcapes. Since therefore the Hero is landed ſafe on the Welſh ſhore, the relater has nothing at preſent more to do, than to drink your bon Repos, and wiſh you a good night, with that heartineſs that becomes Your &c.

(*a*) Mat. Par. 388. (*b*) Ib. 389.
(*c*) Annal. Waverl. Gale ii. 195. Chron. Tho. Wykes, ib. p. 42.

LET-

## LETTER IV.

Dear Sir,

YOU will find I have not done with the caſtle yet; and I am ſure you will think it but common juſtice to ſpend a long time upon ſo large and extenſive a work. It ought to be viewed deliberately through a pair of diamond-cut ſpectacles of ſome grave and important Antiquarian; theſe will magnify its ſite, and multiply its years. Though you find it in times of yore a ſtrong fortification, a modern Virtuoſo makes little or nothing of it. He indeed *builds much* upon it, and lays the foundation of Roger's caſtle upon the ruins of a Roman one; and all good authority. He deſtroys all Norman works, as ſoon as you can ſmoke a Pipe of Tobacco; but his viſionary reaſons, like your whiff, vaniſh into air. I fear we muſt look upon it only as a Norman ſtructure; how long it ſtood before it was diſmantled, cannot certainly be determined. In Mr. Cambden's age it was greatly impaired and deformed by time, and probably ſoon after.

*Etiam hæ periere ruinæ.*

There is no reaſon to think it was repaired again, for we hear nothing of it at the civil wars in that memorable action between the forces of the king and parliament.

This caſtle had its Wardens, a few of which I preſent you with. Theſe offices carried great advantages with them to a peaceable ſubject, but a ſnare to an ambitious one. Mr. Madox has proved clearly in his Baronia Anglica, that moſt of the ancient baronies flowed from the tenure of caſtles.

Philip de Albini, 3 Hen. ii. MCLVI.

Ralph Wilington, 17 Hen. iii. MCCXXXII.

Peter de Rupibus, 18 Hen. iii. MCCXXXIII.

John Pleſſet, 19 Hen. iii. MCCXXXIV.

Ditto, 37 Hen. iii. MCCLII.

Robert Nevil Lord Raby, 47 Hen. iii. MCCLXII.

Philip Lord Baſſet of Wicomb

Thomas Deſpencer, 48 Hen. iii. MCCLXIII.

Philip Lord Baſſet, 54 Hen. iii. MCCLXIX.

Hugo le Deſpencer, 1 Edw. ii. MCCCVII.

Oliver de Ingham, 15 Edw. iii. MCCCXXI.

Though I am ſenſible this liſt is very imperfect, I have not leiſure to compleat it by ſpending *ſix months* among the records in the Tower. If you have a mind to have it exact, you may go and conſult the indefatigable B—ne W—l—s, a man of a ſingular character; a genuine Antiquarian in learning, manners, habit, and perſon: So very extraordinary a man, that I think it worth my while to ſtop, and give you an account of him. I will acquaint you with his family, and point out his houſe by ſuch particular marks, that you will know it at firſt ſight.

The family fortune was honeſtly got by the great Thomas Willis, M. D. out of cavaliers that were ſick of the war, which impair'd their conſtitutions. It was made by practice for *ſingle fees*, before the funds were created, or Change-Alley turn'd into a court of requeſts. He was a man of uncommon penetration, and ſaw further into the *heads* (*a*) of mankind than any of his cotemporary brethren; and wrote many ingenious romances in a pleaſing and *Nervous* ſtyle. He was well known to have dealt much with familiar ſpirits call'd *Animal*. Having a great command over them, he could, for the entertainment of his acquaintance, make a million of them dance a Jigg on the pineal gland of a fine Lady, or on the point of a needle. He would ſend them on errands God knows where, and remand them back as quick as thought. Theſe obſequious Beings always perch'd upon his elbow when he wrote a preſcription; after that, inſtantly whipp'd into the palm of his right hand. He could place them all over on the outſide of a Friſle, or confine them to the finger of a Fidler, the hand of a Sharper, the foot of a Dancing-Maſter, the toe of a Soldier, the backſide of

(*a*) V. de Cerebro.

of a Bully, the heart of a Lover, and make them jump down through a crack into the hollow ſkull of a Methodiſt. This Doctor got the money for the ſon's purchaſe of this antique place; which indeed is a little crowded with *natural* Plantations, the Proprietor having made a vow always to live in a wood. The houſe is inveſted with large tall trees, which look formidable in decay, yielding an occaſional habitation to a colony of Rooks, who legally have enjoy'd them by the moſt authentic preſcription from Richard the firſt. The Vallum, that incloſes the garden, is a little out of repair; yet is never to be rebuilt by any of his heirs but under a curſe of pulling an old wall upon their heads. The Mote which ſurrounds the houſe has always enjoy'd a melancholy ſmoothneſs, unruffled by winds, and a ſtranger to a dimple; but has been many years changing its nature, and thickening into earth. The unmoleſted gate loves and ſticks to his threſhold; a little wicket lets you into a court lined and over-ſhaded with Yews, which make a ſolemn gloom. You need not knock at the door of the houſe; you may creep through it, or the pervious walls will give you here and there an eaſy admittance. The furniture of the inſide is ſuited to the outſide. The Hall is co-

vered

vered with green, reſembling the Verde Antique; the Parlour wainſcotted with oak, native of the place, and more than coæval with the houſe. The Pannels are ſmall ſquares intermixed with a little fluted Pallaſtrade which ſupport, by way of capital, the faces of men, not much reſembling human nature. The Chambers are hung with a variety of ſilks and velvets worked in a kind of Moſaick (*a*) in the manner of modern Patchwork. His Father muſt have purchaſed them out of the Arundelian wardrobe; for the Son, by his indefatigable erudition in Antiquities can inconteſtably prove them to have been the genuine remnants of Queen Elizabeth's Hoop-Petticoats. A variety of ornaments appear every where: Among a great deal of furniture, impaired by time, you will ſee ſeveral ſtatues that fell off from croſſes at the reformation, and have looked as if they were in a fright ever ſince. They are all of his own collection, for his Father brought no (*b*) *Images* with him

(*a*) Read Muſive, v. Narr. to Lond. Deſp. 220. Perhaps it ſhould be read Muſaick, from the reſemblance to the ancient muſical notes which were wrote in ſquares, parallelograms, trapeziums, &c. as may be ſeen in all the ancient MSS Miſſals.

(*b*) Tully takes many Opportunities of ſaying he was not a man of *Birth*; i. e. of *Images*: particularly, De Leg. Agr. II. c. 36. Ed. Var.

him from *Hinckſey* (*a*). There are Saxon buſts of men or beaſts, the ſpecies can't well be determined; beſides numberleſs fragments of painted glaſs, ſcraps of inſcriptions, and ineſtimable ſhreds of old parchment deeds. In his ſtudy, adorned with fretwork of pendent ſpider's webs, you might have ſeen a large collection of coins down from Abraham to the Borough half-penny. He had, before he preſented them to the Univerſity of Oxford, the largeſt collection in the world of Townſmen's half-pence, ten of which are nearly equal in intrinſic value to one of Wood's farthings, but in the extrinſick, vaſtly ſuperior. Among his MSS wrote with his own hand, with incredible aſſiduity, you will ſee a laborious Dictionary of proper names of Lords, Abbots, Parliament-men, Gentlemen, Clergymen, and Pariſh-clerks, ever ſince the Saxon invaſion: And in his accurate hiſtory of family affairs you will find the moſt copious regiſter or records of marriages, births and burials, of any library in Europe. The grounds about his houſe have been remarkable for ſome conſiderable actions formerly; and now remain disfigured with many pits dug not for marle, gravel, or any other earthly

 uſe,

(*b*) Ant. Wood Ath. Oxon. ii. p. 549.

uſe, but in ſearch of Roman ſpears, Daniſh helmets, and Saxon ſtirrups. One remarkable cavity is ſaid to have been formed by the proprietor himſelf, out of which this Mole of antiquity crawled, after having been buried ſome time in the laſt year's Earthquake. He ſhews a botanical curioſity which is not to be matched in any Part of England, Europe, or the whole world: It is, Sir, a Willow-baſket propagated originally from the ſame Plants of which was made the Druidian Wicker-baſket mentioned by Julius Cæſar (*a*); though ſome carry it no higher than the Bucking-baſket well known in the merry reign of Henry the fourth.

To this able Gentleman I refer you, and hope you will not repent of going to take a view of ſo uncommon a Place, where the Maſter himſelf is the greateſt of all his curioſities, a relique of remote antiquity! He has indeed made me go out of my way, which is an incident a little too common to writers on ſuch ſubjects. If you will pardon this digreſſion, I will return again to my point.

You have ſeen that Caſtles have their Periods; they riſe, flouriſh and decay; and ſeem as mortal as the man that built them.

Though

(*a*) V. Bell. Gall. l. 6. c. 16.

Though they were once noble and amazing ſtructures, they were, as Rome has been, and as my Lord Mayor's houſe will be, ruined by their own greatneſs. They ought not however to dazzle our eyes ſo much, as to make us conclude upon the greatneſs of their age from that of their bulk. No further allowance ſhould be given to their years than that which is juſtify'd by authority; and this will not allow you to go one ſtep further back for the origin of your caſtle than MCXXXII; then it was certainly built. But what weight can ſo puny an author as your Friend is, who never yet publiſh'd a ſixpenny Pamphlet, have againſt ſo ponderous an author of ſome Folio's? Mine is like the Fate of Hector in Homer, or Turnus in Virgil, or the Devil's in Milton, which

*Flew up and kick'd the beam.*

I acknowledge my ſelf to be a mean cockney to that great hunter after objects of antiquity, the renowned Antiquarian of Lincolnſhire, the incomparable, incomprehenſible, unconvincible Dr. St—k—y, who affirms, very peremptorily affirms, "That the Town was inclos'd by the "Romans with a vallum and ditch," tho'

no traces of a vallum and ditch appear to any eye but his own. That " this town " took in the Caſtle which was originally " Roman, but afterwards rendered im- " pregnable by Roger Biſhop of Salis- " bury" (*a*). I humbly conceive the Roman Caſtle here mentioned, did not formerly ſtand on the hill, where the Windmills are now placed, but in the Air.

You ſee the town is not only Roman, but the caſtle too, without the leaſt probability, or the ſhadow of a proof. If the town muſt be link'd with the caſtle, the former had better be fix'd to the true date of the latter. This, I confeſs, will degrade it in the eyes of all zealots of antiquity, by paring it down from a Roman to a Norman ſtructure: Yet this is the moſt reaſonable opinion. The extent and magnificence of the caſtle muſt have furniſh'd a number of attendants ſuitable to its greatneſs. Bread, meat, herbs, cloths and utenſils are the calls of neceſſity; which muſt be ſupply'd by bakers, butchers, brewers, gardiners, ſhoe-makers and taylors, manufacturers and mechanicks. You ſee there is inſtantly a ſet of inhabitants fix'd without the walls to anſwer the exigencies of thoſe within. The cloyſter'd Monks

(*a*) Itin. Curioſ. 137.

Monks indeed kept arts and ſciences cloſe within their walls, which were ſcarce ever known to come abroad but once, at the reformation: but this was not the caſe of Caſtles. This great one then produc'd the town as naturally as a Palace begets a village or a Great Lord, villains.

As I am juſt come to the town after a fatiguing purſuit, it is neceſſary to pull in and enter cooly. I ſhall take a peep over the pales at your Villa, which is one of the moſt natural *modern* antiquities that has yet been ſeen by

Sir, Yours, &c.

## LETTER V.

Dear Sir,

AS to your town no doubt but it was ancient, as has been aſſerted above; but not quite ſo old as the Flood, Babel, Babylon or Rome. The inhabitants are not the worſe for not having long pedigrees, or Roman blood in their veins; they may be contented with a Diſcent no earlier than the Normans. 'Tis honour enough in theſe days to derive our blood from the French,

for

for we are not like to draw it from them any other way. Surely that nation was the common ſtock of all the Europeans; who are all dwindling into Beaus, Dancing maſters, Muſicians, Fribbles and Gameſters. Witneſs the genteel pigtail, the graceful movement, the harmonious hum, the Jeſſamy cock of the hat, and the tradeſmen's books. They ſeem very much like your Gallypots, which are lately gilded and new letter'd by order of the college of phyſicians; they are all gold without but bitterneſs within. The complexion of the preſent age you ſee pleads ſtrongly for this original, and carrys this hereditary claim ſtill further. Not only the cut of their cloths and their dyet, but their language is brought irreſiſtibly into faſhion. I hope for the ſake of old England that our acts of Parliament will continue, ſome time longer in Engliſh; tho' it is fear'd it may not do ſo, ſince the articles of a late peace have been penn'd in French; and ſince an able Speaker at the head of the W——r Of—e is fond of crowding French phraſes into Engliſh parliamentary debates. You, Sir, in your place have partaken of this degeneracy, and expell'd the few remains of the old honeſt laborious Saxons; who early ſubmitted and were incorporated with the Normans. They were woolpickers,

wool-

woolcombers, weavers, clothiers and dyers. The induſtry of theſe brought riches into your town which were preſerv'd under the faithful cuſtody of frugality. But now how are you chang'd, into delicacy and poverty, into embroidery on one day of the week and dirtyneſs on all the reſt! Sacks are thin in your market place on Thurſdays, but thick in your churches on Sundays. You have turn'd the grating of your woolcombs into the ſcraping of Fiddles; the ſcreeking loom into the tinckling Harpſicord; and the thumping Fulling mills into a glittering and contentious Organ. Scents of perfumes are in your churches and the odours of train oil and fermenting Urine are no more ſmelt amongſt you. Your houſes are ornamented with Bath ſtone wrought into Pediments, entablatures and Pillaſtrades; your market houſe, (a ſtranger to woolpacks,) is metamorphiz'd into a theatre for Balls, and Concertos, and Oratorio's.

So much for the preſent liberties of the town, I muſt now proceed to the ancient ones: but I am extremely embaraſs'd at the very threſhold in opening my Subject: being much diſappointed and ſurpriz'd not to find any character of your town in Mr. Madox's Firma Burgi. What I can collect

lect is at your Service; but I beg you would ſtop a minute and drink for you will find the entertainment very dry.

19. Hen. ii. MCLXXII. Thoſe (*a*) Manors or Lands were properly taxable to the King which he held in his own hands. Under theſe were comprehended the King's eſcheats and wardſhips. Upon this account Guido the Dean and his fellows accounted for 40s. received of the Men de Diviſis.

23. Hen. ii. MCLXXVI. Twenty (*b*) mares were rais'd by the Sheriff as an aid to the King.

A (*c*) tallage or tax was aſſeſs'd upon the King's demeans in Wiltſhire; it was paid under the name of a donum: the Devizes paid, 8*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*

10. Ric. i. MCXCVIII. In the (*d*) reign of King Richard a tallage was rais'd upon his demeans eſcheats and wardſhips, and upon the Burghs and towns of the realm. The men of the Devizes paid 30 mares.

1. Joh. MCXCIX. In the (*e*) reign of King John there was a tallage on the Kings manors in Wiltſhire among other places the Villata de Diviſis is in arrearage to the tallage.

MCC.

(*a*) Mad. Hiſt. Excheq. p. 485.
(*b*) Ib. 420. (*c*) Ib. 441. (*d*) Ib. 484.
(*e*) Ib. 487.

MCC. The (*a*) next year the Burgenſes de Diviſis were charg'd with a debt of 12 mares and one horſe, for a Royal charter, to confirm one whicht hey had procur'd from his Father.

11. Hen. iii. MCCXXVI. In the (*b*) reign of Henry iii. an Accord was made between John Mareſchall, Keeper of the Caſtle of the Devizes, and the men of that Town, concerning the ſeiſures made upon the Townſmen by the Wardens of the Caſtle.

20. Hen. iii. MCCXXXV. Sometimes towns were permitted to compound for the tallage. So the (*c*) Villata de Diviſis owes 100*s.* the remainder of the Tallage.

30. Hen. iii. MCCXLV. The Villa de Diviſis owes 12 mares of their Tallage.

38. Hen. iii. MCCLIII. The Knights of Wiltſhire (*d*) ward to the Caſtle of the Devizes; and in the Exchequer Rolls there is entered a loquendum cum Dormino Rege, or his councel concerning the Knights of Wiltſhire, who owe wards to the Caſtle, and have withdrawn them 20 years.

27. Ed. i. MCCXCIX. Margaret (*e*) Queen of England had ſettl'd (*f*) upon her



(*a*) Mad. Hiſt. Ech. 277. (*b*) Ib. 525.
(*c*) Ib. 511. (*d*) Ib. 491. (*e*) Ib. 621.
(*f*) V. Rym. Fed. ii. 854. b.

by way of dower the caſtle, town and park of the Devizes, with the Foreſts of Milkeſham, Chippenham and Pewſey and the manor of Rowde with all appurtenances in Wiltſhire to the value of 24 pounds.

1. Ed. ii. MCCCVII. The King (*a*) grants to Hugo le Deſpencer the caſtle which had been the dower of his mother Margaret.

25. Hen. vi. MCCCCXLVII. The Kng (*b*) grants to his conſort Queen Margaret, the caſtle town and park of the Devizes, with the foreſts of Milkeſham and Pewſey.

It appears from the particulars above mention'd that the King had demeans in this town; that as early as King John the inhabitants; were call'd *Burgenſes*, whereas before this they were called only, ſimply, *men:* that they had before King John's time, in that of his Father's, a Charter of priviledges. Tho' it ſeems reaſonable to believe from hence, yet your Friend does not chuſe to aſſert poſitively, that theſe were the priviledges of a Borough and that they ſent either in King John's time, or even in his Father's, Repreſentatives to the King's Council.

There were two Hoſpitals in or near St. John's Church-yard under the government of

(*a*) Mad. Hiſt. Exchеq. III. 66. a.
(*b*) Ib. xi. 155. a.

of the Mayor and Corporation; but formerly in the patronage of the King. One was for Leprous perſons founded before, MCCVII. For by the Roll of the 9th of John a holy day was granted to the Lepers on the Eve of St. Dionyſius. By the 1. H. iv. 1. Dec. MCCCXCIX. A Grant was made out to Nicholas Coventre chaplain of the government of the Hoſpital of St. John in the Kings town of Vize (*a*).

I am as glad as you can be, that I am got ſafe thro' theſe heavy and unentertaining particulars; I am quite jaded in labouring thro' ſuch a moraſs of antiquities. But you ought to know that a writer on ſuch Subjects as theſe, muſt omit not even the minuteſt incidents. It is not material whether they are of *conſequence* or whether any *uſeful* knowledge may be deriv'd from them or not. To ſpoil ſo much ink, to abuſe ſo much paper, and dangle away ſo much time, ſeems to be the principal deſign of Antiquarians; and perhaps you will think of

Sir, Yours, &c.



(*a*) Tanner Notit. monaſt. fol. 604.

## LETTER VI.

Dear Sir,

TO make you ſome amends for the formal and circumſtantial dryneſs of my laſt. I bring you nearer to your own time by ſending you an abſtract of what occurr'd during the Civil wars. I believe no extraordinary incident for many years before happen'd in your town, for I meet with nothing relating to it for a long interval. In the civil wars indeed it had its ſhare of the public troubles.

After the bloody battle of Lanſdown the King's troops commanded by the Marquiſs of Hertford, Prince Maurice and the Earl of Carnarvon, left Marſhfield to join the King at Oxford and march'd to Chippenham. They were followed by Sir William Waller to the Devizes. As their march was obſtructed, it was determin'd that the Marquiſs ſhould break thro' that night with the horſe to Oxford: and till a reinforcement could be brought from thence, that the Earl of Marlborough and Sir Ralph Hopton ſhould with the foot and Cannon ſtay behind and defend themſelves for a few days. The horſe arriv'd ſafe at the

the King's quarters and the Prince and Marquiſs to Oxford. Sir William Waller in the mean time took the advantage of their abſence and drew all his forces cloſe up to the Town. All the Avenues to this open and defenceleſs place, where there could not be found even any dark remains of a Roman vallum and foſs, were barracaded by the King's party. The hedges and ditches, their only fortifications, were lin'd with foot and ſome pieces of Cannon were advantageouſly plac'd. Sir William knowing, by his exact intelligence, the departure of the General with the horſe, ſurrounded the town, rais'd a battery upon a neighbouring hill, threw ſhot into it without intermiſſion, and attemped to enter in many places, but was repuls'd at all. Lord Crawford was now convoying a ſupply of powder to Marſhfield, not knowing that the army was decamp'd and the horſe ſeparated. Sir William, having intelligence of the convoy, detach'd a ſtrong party, who intercepted and took it. The commanding officer eſcap'd with difficulty, having loſt his ammunition and a troop or two of his horſe. Sir William aſſur'd of conqueſt acquainted the beſieg'd, that he was maſter of their powder, advis'd them to ſubmit, and offer'd his mediation with the Parliament in their behalf: which brought

on

on a ſhort ceſſation of arms, in order to a treaty. Quarters only, and civil uſage, were offer'd to the officers; but to the men, leave to return to their homes without their arms; unleſs they would voluntarily ſerve the Parliament. As the Officers could not ſubmit to ſuch terms the treaty broke off. Yet by this reſpite the King's forces both officers and Soldiers, extremely harraſs'd and fatigu'd, gain'd a little refreſhment and ſav'd ſome ammunition. The King ſent Lord Wilmot and Prince Maurice back, the ſame day they arriv'd, with all his horſe, but Prince Rupert's Regiment appeared about noon the next day, upon the plain within two miles, after more than a thirty miles march. Lord Wilmot had 1500 horſe with two ſmall field peices. The town was not acquainted with this expeditious and unexpected reinforcement; ſo that they made no attempt to join them. Waller, who was inform'd of it, in order to prevent a conjunction, plac'd himſelf directly in the way on Round-way hill, with 2000 horſe, 500 dragoons and a body of foot. He inſtantly charg'd Wilmot with his cavalry without giving him time to do any thing, but form his men. After a ſharp engagement for half an hour the Parliament forces were diſorder'd, routed and drove down the precipices; which were

almoſt

almoſt as dangerous to the perſuers as the perſu'd. The foot kept their ground making a ſhew of a gallant reſiſtance; but Lord Wilmot having been early maſter of their Cannon turn'd it upon them: and with the Corniſh-men, juſt come up from the town, kill'd and took priſoners almoſt all of them. Waller loſt near 1800 men, all his artillery, ammunition, baggage and colours, meeting with a total defeat when he had promis'd himſelf confidently a compleat victory. He flew to Briſtol with a ſmall train, whether it is neither my buſineſs nor inclination to follow him. However this happy victory was of great uſe to the King's affairs, and likewiſe to the town, in removing the ſeat of war to a diſtance.

I heartily beg your pardon, Sir, for making excurſions into the pleaſing tracts of modern Hiſtory and forgetting the moſt material antiquities of your town, the Penates. As I make ſo full a confeſſion you can abſolve me as effectually as any prieſt of the Church, according to an obſervation made the other day in converſation upon this ſubject by an open, unreſerv'd and free Roman catholic; who added. "We, you know, are charg'd with mak-
"ing Gods out of the old uſeleſs Ro-
"man ones and Dr. Middleton, who ad-
"vanc'd

" vanc'd this, was as great a devotee as
" any man in England—to ſcepticiſm.
" Poor man! he is certainly gone at leaſt
" into purgatory, where according to St.
" Auſtin's opinion he will be confin'd in the
" limbus Patrum as many years, as he has
" liv'd minutes. For millions of ages
" muſt this bigot of morality welter in pain;
" unleſs by a miracle undeſervedly work'd
" upon him, he ſhould be mercifully con-
" vinc'd of that truth, which he has
" elegantly and artfully oppos'd. Had
" he been acquainted with theſe Penates
" now before us, he would have ſaid a
" great many amuſing things on the ſur-
" prizing analogy between the Lares of the
" ancient and modern Romans, and very
" plauſibly launch'd out into the great uſe
" and convenience of having little portable
" pocket Gods; that take up no more room
" than a Birmingham crucifix, or a Ladies
" ſmelling bottle. He ended with aſſuring
" us, he had ſtill as much religion as his
" old acquaintance and benevolent Friend,
" the late Mr. Pope; whoſe only Creed
" was his univerſal prayer; who kept the
" commandments as ſtrickly as moſt well-
" bred men, having never kill'd any body,
" but Mr. Theobald with the Pip; and
" never ſtole any thing from any man liv-
" ing or dead but once from my Lord
" Bolingbroke." Was

Was your Friend maſter of that noble Lord's incomparable elegance, you would receive a more agreeable account than a formal cold and lifeleſs detail of theſe Penates; twenty one of which were dug up in the year MDCCXIV. by William Cadby, together with a Roman wine veſſel, which held about 6 Gallons. (*a*) Cadby according to tradition being a great lover of ſtrong beer without doubt meaſur'd the Veſſel by Ale meaſure. The 6 Gallons Engliſh brings it very near the Roman Amphora. The Gods are ſaid by Dr. St—k—y, "to "have been found in a cavity (*b*) inclos'd "with Roman brick." It may be ſo, for Dr. Muſgrave ſays, there was found with them a coin of Severus which proves they were depoſited in or after his time. (*c*)

The reaſon why the Romans hid their Treaſures was to ſecure them from their Enemies. The truth of this may be infer'd from a paſſage in (*d*) Spartianus's life of Peſcenninus Niger. Every ſoldier carry'd with him his money and portable things of value. When they were call'd out upon long haſty marches, dangerous expeditions or to a determin'd action, they



(*a*) Muſgrave. Belg. Brit. i. 67.
(*b*) Itin. Curios. p. 137.
(*c*) Muſgr. Belg. Brit. i. 125.
(*d*) Cauſab. edit. p. 114. D.

depoſited their valuables under a ſtrong preſumption of finding them again; this occaſion'd ſome to have been hid in fields. But when they were attack'd in their fortifications, they depoſited their treaſures in the earth, where they were ſtation'd: qua data foſſa, upon this account much of their mony have been hid in their camps and towns. They were determin'd that their treaſures ſhould not fall with their bodies into the Enemies hands; but choſe to leave them, if they dy'd, a legacy to poſterity for an amuſement, or rather an employment for ſome grave and indefatigable Virtuoſo. So that it appears too haſty a concluſion to infer a Roman town from a few Roman relicks found in its neighbourhood. The ſize and weight of the Penates may be ſeen in the following table which omits two as being either imperfect, or unintelligible or ungueſſable.

| | Penates | Heigth Inch. | Weight oz. | dr. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Venus of an excellent design | 6 1/4 | 11 | 4 |
| 2 | Jupiter Ammon - - - | 4 1/2 | | |
| 3 | Neptune - - - - - | 4 | 4 | 4 |
| 4 | Hercules Ophinchus - - | 4 1/4 | 6 | 4 |
| 5 | Bacchus - - - - - - | 4 1/2 | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | An old man not explain'd - | 4 | 6 | 4 |
| 7 | Pallas - - - - - - - | 3 3/8 | | |
| 8 | Virgo Veſtalis of Corinthian braſs - - - - - - | 3 1/4 | 7 | 4 |
| 9 | Vulcan — — — - | 3 1/2 | 3 | 4 |
| 10 | Mercury - - - - - | 3 1/4 | | |
| 11 | A man not explain'd - | 4 | 5 | 2 |
| 12 | Romulus Remus and Wolf | 1 3/4 | 1 | 4 |
| 13 | A buſt not explain'd - | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 14 | Apis the Ægytian Bull - | 4 | 6 | 0 |
| 15 | Anubis the Ægyptian Dog | 3 1/2 | 6 | 4 |
| 16 | Bucephalus Alexandri Mamm: — — | 2 1/4 | 3 | 6 |
| 17 | Bacchus - - - - | | | |
| 18 | Matronæ caput - - - | | | |
| 19 | A man not explain'd - - | 4 | 5 | 2 |

Theſe Penates having been dug up in the confines of your town and near your Villa brings me in ſight of your own curioſities. I am in love with your cave which

is truly beautiful, becauſe natural. The ſerpentine walks in the wood work, the entertaining room, cellar, little buildings, patches of Gardens, poultry yard, pigſties and Stables give a compleat Idea of convenience againſt a famine, and a certain ruſticity worthy the deſign of Columella, or the retirement of Cicero in his exile. It has as much the air of antiquity as any object really diſcover'd in your neighbourhood by the moſt ſerious, or *imagin'd* to have been diſcovered by the moſt ſanguine Antiquarian; if you will believe

Sir, Yours, &c.

## LETTER VII.

Dear Sir,

YOU muſt now give me leave to addreſs myſelf to you in a more particular manner, with that old faſhion'd frankneſs that would not flatter an enemy—to make him his Friend. You had always a natural taſte for antiquities, eſpecially for the Engliſh. Your honeſt paſſion has been ſteady to the roaſt beef and ſtrong Beer of old England. You love the rough-

roughneſs of the old innocent and hearty ages better than the modern, gay, refin'd, effeminate manners. Your integrity has made you open undiſguis'd and ſincerely blunt; and has giv'n an antique caſt to your whole compoſition. You have conſtantly retain'd a veneration for the Druids of your country, and have amus'd your ſelf ſome years within the hollow of a Tree. This is your cave of contemptation, lin'd with ſlabbs and ſtucco'd with moſs. Your couch is cover'd with the ſame, and matted with the peelings of the bark of Trees. Your table is a chopping block, your diſſhes platters, your plates trenchers, and your chairs are chumps of wood. Nature having giv'n you two hands ſupplies you with knives, forks and ſpoons. Every noon and night you ſacrifice to your God Pan a goblet of Barly wine. Your eyes every day are feaſted *ſufficiently* with a peep at the *outſide* of three churches. Your ears are entertain'd with the ſweeteſt of all muſick, a natural Oratorio, of Birds. Flow'ring ſhrubs perfume your noſtrils, and you enjoy the converſation of your faithful Houyhnhums. The gratification of all the ſenſes lyes within your reach, you live in the fruition of nature without envy or reſtaint. With you I go back to diſtant ages, two thouſand years ago, and admire

virtue

virtue in its original ſimplicity. To you therefore I addreſs myſelf, who are form'd by inclination to be an Antiquarian; to you I bequeath theſe ſheets not as a dedication, which among Authors is a preamble or prelude to thinking; but as a Codicil, the reſult of my moſt mature deliberation. It is not a gift of value but may ſerve as an amuſement for a vacant hour, whenever you are diſpoſed to be grave or take a Nap.

Your Friend has been an old ſtager in the tedious and uncomfortable tracts of Antiquity which have wanted mending ever ſince (*a*) Battely finiſhed his Rhutupium. I whip thro' thick and thin till I come to a convenient place to bait at. There I ſtop to refreſh (*a*) with proper neceſſaries, the *converſation* of the *Landlord* and the information of the *Clerk of the Pariſh*, the moſt converſable and intelligent perſon left in it; who keeps the *records* of it and knows moſt of the antiquities in the neighbourhood. The Squire, formerly a bold Fox-hunter

(*a*) The ingenious, ſenſible, and polite author of the Antiquitates Rhutupinæ.

(*a*) See Stukeley's Abury; and his curious Drawings therein, of Reuben Horſal, *Clark* of Abury, and *Antiquarian*; and of Thomas Robinſon, *Aburiae Feroſtratus, &c.* Both made Immortal in his never-dying Works; tho' one is conſecrated to everlaſting honour, the other to as perdurable Infamy.

hunter, is now generally ſlinking to London to hawk off a daughter, or in ſtrong ſcent of a half pay place or a quartered penſion. The parſon is ſo perpetually engaged with his neighbouring brethren, that his pariſhoners never ſee him but of a Sunday: unleſs the Squire come poſt from town for a week, to wreck his tenants and carry away every farthing in the pariſh. After the informations of my *learned* friends and the mug is emptied, I jog on in ſearch of antiquities: ſometimes I ſtop to take a view of a Barrow, an old dyke, a ruin'd wall or tottering ſteeple. If I ſee a camp any where, I ride full gallop, examine, and carefully meaſure it. If it be a ſquare, I can tell you to an inch where ſtood all its gates, the Ara, and Pretorium, and how many people it contained exactly 1500 years ago. In the Evening before I go to bed, I recollect the important events of the day, and write down my obſervations in the firſt words that offer, for that produces an *eaſy* diction; I expreſs my thoughts as faſt as they flow, for that makes a *ſimplicity* of Sentiment; I avoid all reviſals and corrections, for they render a compoſition *ſtiff* and laboured: In ſhort I write, juſt as you ſee, without thinking, without connexion

and

and without deſign. I make frequent bold, abrupt, excentrical and characteriſtical excurſions, like my Lord Shaftſbury or a Comet. You ſee I am thoroughly qualifyed to execute on the minute and plebeian antiquarians the office of

*Cenſor caſtigatorq; minorum.*

Theſe, as you have ſeen above, think your town at leaſt Roman; and carry its age, as the welſh do their pedigrees, beyond the utmoſt ſtretch of human conception. We have obſerved that Dr. Muſgrave (*a*) was of this opinion, who affirms the *village* muſt have been a *large* one and he advances a ſtep further and calls it a very ancient *(b) little town*; but imagines the ancient name (*c*) loſt. He proves from the Wine *(d)* veſſel found here with Alexander's name upon it, that one Alexander a great man certainly reſided in it, attended by his houſhold Gods. But this is not to be underſtood to be Alexander the Great, or Alexander the Copperſmith, but an Alexander—Alexander—what's his name—a certain Alexander a maker of Crockery ware. Theſe haſty ſteps of Dr. Muſgrave are nothing to the large ones of Dr. St—k—y. Believe me, Sir, at one progreſſive ſtride he ſtalked over

(*a*) Belg. Brit. i. 67.
(*b*) Ib. 193. (*c*) Ib. iv. 12. (*d*) Cadbys.

over Dr. Muſgrave's head, the line of right reaſon and the extenſive bounds of probability with as much eaſe, as Rich, in a boxing match, jump'd over the head of the Carman. The ancient name, Muſgrave had loſt, St—k—y has found. Where? why, *where all antiquities lye concealed—in Rubbiſh.* He found it indeed with as much quickneſs, as Mrs. Squire found the longitude, and with an equal certainty. It was, you muſt know, the *Punctuobice* of Ravennas. This Ravennas, I muſt inform you, is an anonymus writer, and upon that account is preſumed to be better acquainted with the highways than any of his predeſſors. He has recorded ſome ſtages that the Romans travelled, in order to let his cotemporaries and their poſterity know where they could be readily ſupplyed, with proper entertainment and poſt chaiſes. From Leucomagus you go to Cimetzio, alias Cunetio, alias Marleborough; then you proceed to Punctuobice that is Vies—*Ay there it is, in the very two laſt ſyllables, lay aſide Punctuo and you have it in Bice.*

You ſee how ſubjects of this kind are to be managed; it is not however in the power of every body to have ſuch a command. Dr. St—k—y is in poſſeſſion of a true Roman Securis; it is his companion, friend

and guard. He uſes it upon all occaſions; if he meets with but an odd word, he lays it down fairly tranſcribed in *Capitals*, and with one ſlight chop divides it: whatever remains on the right hand of the Securis is the right word. He perſues this religious opinion of the Romans, with great exactneſs. The Grecians indeed valued the left ſide moſt; but the Romans after a compleat conqueſt changed hands with them. This ſort of torture is uſual among Criticks, but never carried to ſo ſevere a degree before, as to treat words, as Procruſtes did men. This gentleman is in the ſame inſtant, Judge, Jury and Executioner: even as ſoon as the learned Jugler blows, Bice is turn'd into Vice, and Vice to Vies. So that all that is left of this unfortunate word *Punctuobice* is the tail, which is looked on as in Vipers, the only ſenſible part. Mr. Pope ſeems to have pointed out ſuch minute Criticks to the Life in the following Line,

*They catch the Eel of ſcience by the tail.*

An elderly Gentleman witneſs to this ſad Cataſtrophe broke out into the following pathetick ſpeech of condolence. "Alaſs "poor Punctuobice! Thou, who hadſt "lain untouched a thouſand years wrapt

"up

" up in obſcurity and duſt, in the corner of
" a library of monks, was at laſt dragged
" out of they ſnug retirement and impreſ-
" ſed into an army of virulent Literati:
" but in a little time you diſappeared, af-
" terwards was caught and brought out as
" a traytor upon the ſcaffold of Criticiſm,
" without one friend to ſupport thee; for
" thy own Ravennas was not known.
" Thou waſt executed by the order and
" hands of the inquiſitor general of *words*.
" Thou hadſt not the honour of being
" beheaded, for that is only reſerved for
" capital bodies; but to be halv'd, the ig-
" nominious fate of diminutive ones. How
" do I commiſerate and ſhare thy grief,
" when I recollect thy fondneſs and regret
" for the poor miſerable Orphan thou haſt
" left behind thee. Mayſt thou, O Bice,
" meet a better fate". Thus ended theſe melancholy words with the ſad ſolemnity: the execution was performed at one blow; the prieſtly butcher retired to ſome inviſible place, like a Druid, I beg pardon, I mean a Celtic, to his Oak. However he repented, took care of the Orphan, bred him up, and put him out in the world after having properly bound him. For the poor thing had loſt his Father and Mother and had not any one relation left in the world

except one Couſin German, whoſe name was *Pooghen*, of whom you will hear ſomething by and by. (*a*)

This execution was much talked of; and the mob, who generally ſlide from extremes of reſentment into thoſe of compaſſion, called it aloud a barbarous murder, becoming a Nero, a Decius, a Jeffreys, or a Bentley. Ravennas, they cried, was an honeſt man and a good evidence. But after the moſt laborious ſearches and the exacteſt inquiries that men of probity and penetration could make after this Perſon, nobody ever could find out who he was. Upon my ſcrutinies among the reſt in peruſing the records of the Society of Antiquarians, I luckily fell upon a curious account, in general, of the Itinerariſts, in form of a Certificate. I am afraid it is not very ancient from that ſingle circumſtance, but as it is aſtoniſhingly uncommon,

(*a*) The foundation of theſe painful lucubrations, which are humbly ſubmitted to the reader's judgement, may be found in a book full of uncommon Erudition *y cleped Itinerarium curioſum* at the ſeventy ſixth and one hundredth and eighth pages, compos'd at nights under the influence of painful dreams, by *Maſter William Stevckele*. This book has a great many divertizing things in it: there are maps and pictures and tailpeices, but upon turning it very attentively over, I could not find in the whole book one ſingle *head-peice*,

common, I preſent you, Sir, with it in the following tranſlation.

" Be it known unto all men, That the " Romans had a ſort of foot Poſtmen, who " were men of learning, in a particular " way; and wrote books call'd Itineraria. " They travelled not to deſcribe countries, " people, buildings, ſoils, rivers or Land- " ſkips. They never mention a battle, or " a peice of hiſtory, or touch upon vege- " tables, or minerals, or foſſils, or birds, " or beaſts, or fiſhes. They travell'd, as " *Gentlemen* do, thro' the world, but " never once *thought* of it. The manners " of mankind, or the curioſities of nature " were quite out of their view. The fineſt " proſpect in the World could not draw " their eyes one moment off from con- " templation; which was ſtedfaſt and " fix'd. Upon the road they appear'd by " their gravity and ſingular abſtraction of " thought, like the remains of the " Peripatetic ſchool, collected totally " within themſelves and tracing the ſub- " tile meanders of their own minds. But it " was not ſo; for they never thought at all, " being bleſs'd with a total ſtagnation of " underſtanding. The whole buſineſs of " their lives was that of a monk, in a Cloy- " ſter, to tell their own ſteps. As ſoon as " they had walk'd a thouſand paces they

" ſtood

" ſtood ſtill, ſtuck a ſtick in the ground,
" wrote ſomething in a Tablet and
" mov'd forwards, with one even uni-
" form ſtride till, like the Sun, they went
" round the Earth." (*a*)

Hence aroſe a regiſter of exact and minute obſervations, wrote in a Laconic ſtyle. Theſe books would tell you to an inch the diſtance between London and York; how many ſtages there were, how many miles each ſtage conſiſted of, with as much accuracy as you may read in a London Merchant's fair and well wrote folio, after he has carry'd his wiſhful wife poſt to Bath, for the benefit of impregnation. I don't know how it has happened, but it is certain theſe Roman Peripatetics or their Copying Clerks were not exact Accountants; for the Sums total of their miles often vary from their particulars. This, you may ſay is unfortunate—O, no, Sir; it is a happineſs. Had it not been for this delicious puzzle, many a dull learned man would

(*a*) This uncommon peice of Antiquity had never been publiſh'd, had I not had the good fortune to have taken a copy of it, before the Key of the Archives was loſt, upon the death of Arts and Sciences, in that of the amiable Duke of Richmond. It has the appearance of antiquity by the letters, which are the uncials of the ninth Century and was certainly wrote, as appears by the laſt ſentence, before the Copernican ſyſtem was thought of.

would not have been able to have employed his time, in a tedious peregrination thro' a muzzy life. He tranſplants the Numeral Characters as he pleaſes, till he makes what number he thinks fit; ſo that here is opened an inviting and ſerpentine path thro' a maze of Cabaliſtical ſtudy to the end of the world. Theſe Surveys were the Itineraria of the Ancients: but the moderns have improved much upon them, and the Engliſh in particular. Our great Proto—Antiquarian has exceeded all and has wrote the greateſt curioſity of curioſities, Itinerarium curioſum in the celtic dialect **The wonderful Journey of Journeys.**

You perhaps will ask what is all this to the purpoſe of the Antiquity of the Devizes?——It is a digreſſion Sir, and all digreſſions are to the purpoſe. No modern author can think juſtly or write conſiſtently upon ſuch arguments, unleſs he now and then goes out of his way, in the manner of

Sir, Yours, &c.

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

Dear Sir,

MY regard and veneration for this incomparable Doctor obliges me to wait upon him a little further, to ſhew you how artfully he trys to extricate himſelf, out of this unſurmountable puzzle. In another learned book wrote by him, we are informed that one William Baxter a profound Antiquarian, a haberdaſher of hard words, a tickler of poſteriors, well skill'd in his native language, Welſh, and poſſeſs'd with a national itch for verbal criticiſm, was at an uncommon loſs to account for this word PUNCTUO, and confeſſed his ignorance on his death bed. This diſtreſs threw him into a ſedentary life, and a ſteady train of meditation. Under this ſituation he received a viſit from his old Friend Dr. St—k—y, who ſtalking in very dirty juſt after his return from Stonehenge, enquir'd into the occaſion of his melancholy and dejection of Spirits, and talked with him as an Antiquarian and a Friend, and *ſomething like* a Phyſician. As ſoon as the Dr. found the cauſe of his diſeaſe, and that the ſeat of it was in his gizzard, he cry'd aloud *Poogh*, " the word comes from *Pooghen*; " which

" which in German ſignifies an *arduous* " work, as much as to ſay the *Caſtle*, which " is ſaid to have been the *ſtrongeſt* in Eu- " rope." (*a*) Baxter did not acquieſce in this peremptory deciſion, but reply'd that William of Malmeſbury and Matthew Paris give this character to Roger's caſtle only, and never hinted the leaſt at any other Caſtle more ancient upon the ſame ſpot of ground. Baxter kept his temper for the preſent; for his Spirits were not high enough to riſe immediately into a paſſion. Theſe two had been old Friends and intimate Acquaintance, form'd nearly out of the ſame materials; their minds were much alike, ſo that they valu'd each other, as Virtuoſos ſhould do, for the antique caſt of their manners and the venerable ruſt that ſtuck cloſe about them. They imparted to each other the important diſcoveries they had made, long before they went to the preſs. Their friendſhip was cloſely connected by a chain of hard words.

They perpetually diſputed, but never convinc'd; their diſagreements ſerv'd for a conſtant fund of converſation and kept them as ſteady in their affections, as a Court ballance exactly pois'd by different parties. Thus they had liv'd for years till this fatal

 cataſ-

(*a*) Stukely's Stonehenge, p. 48.

cataſtrophe happen'd, which was the unfortunate occaſion of the death of poor Baxter, but evidently without any malice prepenſe. The Doctor made no other anſwer to Baxter's remonſtrances, but cry'd aloud thrice, contemptuouſly, POOGHEN! A warm diſpute inſu'd, and Baxter was treated with ſuch unuſual freedoms, and ſuch an inveterate aſperity for his ignorance in the German tongue, and want of faith in an infallible doctor, that all his welſh blood flew inſtantly up into his face. He *Puff 'd Powerful Proteſtations and Pour'd Plenty of Proverbial Paralogiſms with Peſtiferous Perfumes into Poor Pill's Phyſiognomy.* (*a*) The Doctor ſtarted, retreated, and ſpew'd. In the ſame interim Baxter's aduſt conſtitution, having been almoſt reduc'd to touchwood, was thrown in ſuch a violent fermentation as to ſet fire to the brimſtone he had been larded (*b*) with, ſo tha the dy'd in a ſudden combuſtion, and the man *multi nominis*, the Phenix of the age was reduc'd to aſhes by his own odors.

This indeed is a very tragical exit; but let us compoſe our grief and return to the Survivor of this *nobile par Fratrum*. When Baxter was dead, his friend reign'd alone, and

(*a*) The Attick dialect is a lover of ω, the Ionick of η, the Dorick of α and the Wallie of π.

(*b*) Vid Philos, Traſact. about People being burnt by their own fiery Vapours.

and commanded words. But Words have natural rights as well as men, they don't care to be turn'd out of poſſeſſion, without the previous forms, and ſome reaſons offer'd for an ejectment. It is but juſt that they ſhould have their titles examin'd, and evidence heard, before judgment is giv'n. They have often had good ſucceſs in Courts of Juſtice, and have recover'd large coſts from their plaintiff's miſnomers: The Doctor, it muſt be confeſs'd, in another (*a*) place acknowledges himſelf in ſome diſtreſs about this cumberſome word PUNCTUOBICE, but like an old ſtaunch Hound will not give it up. " Anonymus Raven-
" nas, ſays he, may *poſſibly* call it Punctuo-
" bice, but we have *no certainty* that his
" copy remains incorrupt, or that he tran-
" ſcrib'd it right, nor what alterations the
" Romans made in the original word, nor
" what was made in the latter or barba-
" rous times. How ever there *ſeems* enough
" therein, as well as in the preſent name
" of the town to countenance our conjec-
" ture." You ſee at laſt that he is not clear that the word ever was in Ravennas, and if it was it might poſſibly have been alter'd by the Saxons, Goths, Vandals or Franks; yet there is enough left to juſtify



(*a*) Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 48.

his conjecture; it is ſtill therefore Vies from Vice, from Bice, from Punctuobice. Did you ever ſee ſuch a Welſh or rather Iriſh pedigree? Does it not put you in mind of that of King Pipin?

The Doctor muſt be acknowledg'd to have been more fortunate in the following Etymology, and very happy in the application of it. "The Divizes is a town in "the middle of Wanſdyke and very *pro-* "*bably* erected among others to ſecure the "ditch or fortification. It ſeems to have "been the capital fort or frontier town; and "to have had its name from the King as "a trophy or monument of his power, "built by him in perſon." (*a*) A little below he adds—"They tells us *legendary* "tales of it's being built by an old Britiſh "King. Diviſus was probably the name "of this Belgick monarch, or Duiguis. "As Gluiguis King of Demetia in Wales "is wrote Gliviſus by (*b* Toland. And "the termination may have been fram'd "into Latin from the Celtic word TAEOG. "i. e. dux. Whence, perhaps the He-"truſcan Tages ſo much boaſted of in "their antiquities; likewiſe the modern "Doge of Venice. So that Divitiacus "may well be Diviſus dux." Believe me,

(*a*) Stukeley's Stonehenge, p. 48.
(*b*) p. 186.

me, Sir, a moſt perſpicuous and inconteſtible inference!

Paſſing by the clearneſs and indiſputableneſs of the origin of the word DOGE, your Friend owns himſelf under ſome ſmall difficulties in aſſenting to ſome of theſe particulars. 1ſt. The whole account is not abſolutely credible, becauſe the Doctor himſelf diſtinguiſhes it by the name of a *Legendary* tale—2dly. It cannot be immediately conceiv'd that the King's name, Diviſus, if any ſuch King there ever was, ſhould come from Duiguis, if any ſuch King there ever could be; becauſe Mr. Toland a man (*a*) in all points of *unqueſtionable* Credit has wrote Gliviſus for Gluiguis.—3dly. It is difficult to believe that this very King Diviſus, could change his name, as eaſy, as an Aurelian Inſect does his body, and come out Divitiacus, becauſe TAEOG is Celtic for a General. This laſt obſervation has indeed ſomething curious in it, and explains an Oracular queſtion why the firſt Lord Cadogan was call'd a (*b*) *Fatigue*? Undoubtedly becauſe he was a *Fat* General.

As there are ſome more things menti-
on'd above in the catachreſtic ſtyle which

I

(*a*) V. Locke's Letters.

(*b*) The MSS. at the Herald's office differ, ſome write it, *Fat-teague*.

I don't thoroughly apprehend, I took the liberty once of aſking the Doctor the following queſtions. Is the town in the middle, of the *length*, of Wandſdyke? *Yes ſurely; it is but four miles Weſt from it.* Perhaps Dr. you mean that it ſtands *oppoſite* to the middle, of the length, of Wandſdyke? *Yes moſt aſſuredly: as does Newbury, and Kingſton, and Rocheſter*, &c. Is it certain that this was a frontier town to the Dyke? *As certain as that the Romans never built a ſtation nearer to the place to be defended than four miles.* Was it built as a Trophy to the Kings power? *As ſure as Dido built Troy, and William the Conqueror King's college Chappel.* Was it built by the King in perſon? *Without all queſtion, and by the very ſame King that erected Stonehenge with his own hands: for the Celtic Kings were hewers of wood and drawers of water, and bricklayers, and Stone-cutters, and Free-maſons.* Did the Celtæ ever build their towns ſo far from rivers? *Often: witneſs their metropolis at Stonehenge and their large town upon Marleborough down, call'd now the Grey Weathers; You ought to know, that the Caracteriſtic of a Celtæ was to be patiens Solis atque Sitis.* Theſe anſwers quite ſilenc'd me; ſo that I have ſcarce more than one word left to ſay, that I am

Sir, Yours, &c.

L E T-

## LETTER IX.

Dear Sir,

IN my laſt you find I was ſtruck dumb; this taciturnity was attended with an amuſing Reverie in which a method darted into my mind of propagating the ſpecies of this ſet of *incomparable* writers. It is inclos'd in the following ſhort receipt, which I am ſure is as infallible for making a compleat modern Antiquarian as Mrs. Stevens's diſſolvent for the ſtone, or Dr. J--'s powder for a Fever. I ſend it in Engliſh, becauſe your wife may put it into your family receipt book for the benefit of your Son, who is juſt going to the Univerſity. It is in the taſte of the laſt Diſpenſary, the like of which, according to the general opinion, never was, nor ever will be ſeen.

℞. Conſerve of hoary legendary tales ℥ij.

Probably's preſerv'd ℥vj.
Flowers of Monkhood ℥ſs.
Seems to be —— May be —— ſprinkl'd over the whole *aā* ℥ij
Roots of Hebraic, Celtic, Saxon, all finely powder'd but not *ſearch'd aā* ℥i

Species

Species of Reaſons ℈i.

Syrup of ſweet Credulity as much as will make it into an ELECTARY.

Take the quantity of an *Owl*'s egg every morning faſting and at nine at night, drinking after each doſe a bottle of Cereviſia Celtica *i. e.* Barley Wine. The morning doſe will create an eaſy diſgeſtion, and the night one pleaſing and Romantic dreams. There muſt be added to it a careful dyet of roots, and a conſtant courſe of riding thro' all winds, weathers, and roads, *in* the way, or *out of* the way, Mr. Wiſe will furniſh you with a horſe: I mean Mr. Francis Wiſe B. D. that dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd Pluraliſt, Radclivian Librarian, Cuſtos Archivorum, Rector of Grayes and chaplain to a worthy man of Quality; All ſinecures; the firſt by the Teſtator's will, the ſecond by uſage of the Univerſity, the third by his own choice, and the fourth by priviledge of peerage. Above all he is a vaſt antiquarian, and will ſell you a large *white horſe* fit for the purpoſe. He has been long advertis'd at Mr James Fletcher's, in the Turl; and may be bought as cheap as Waſt-paper. He was taken as a ſtray in the mannor of Aſhdowne; is a ſtaid Horſe; and tho' the mark has been ſome years out of his mouth, his work is not yet done.

He

He ſtandsſtiff upon all four; but when you once move him, he will laſt for ever. He was bred in a Vale, bordering upon the Belgae, and is well acquainted with your Country. He has been at Graſs many years, particularly ever ſince his maſter ſet down to write a long book upon medals. He is well known and much talk'd of all the Country over: he is perfectly ſound, now, wind and limb, tho' he was a little greas'd this winter in the wet Seaſon; but was perfectly cur'd by encouraging a profuſe running at his heels: He has ſometimes been troubl'd with a Scouring, but is now cleaner than even Mr. W—b—n's (*a*) Shakeſpear. He had indeed the Epi-



(*a*) This perſon may be heard of at Mr. Edwards's of Lincoln's-Inn, who is his ſtanding Council, and has giv'n him the beſt advice in the world without a Fee, the uſual civility of Bariſters to Attorneys. Leſt this Gentleman's name ſhou'd not be known to poſterity, it may be proper to leave a memorial of him. He wrote the Divine legation of Moſes, where the chain of reaſoning is ſo fine that it cannot be ſeen but by the beſt miſcroſcopes; then the links appear wonderfully long and fill'd up with uncommon Philagreek work. His Alliance between Church and State is at the beſt but a very diſtant one. When he is at a loſs for reaſoning he falls a laſhing, which he learn'd when he was an *Uſher* of a School; then he turn'd *Attorney*, afterwards a *pettifogger in Divinity*; till he feather'd his neſt upon a Rock near Bath. He cuddl'd Mr. Pope and ſnarl'd himſelf into his friendſhip; under whoſe

demic diſtemper the laſt wet month, which was carry'd off by a large diſcharge at the Noſe; in which he has an aſtoniſhing and incredible ſagacity. If he ſmells any thing Britiſh or Celtic, he turns round and gives it a kick; ſnorts at the ſight of a Roman camp, but neighs at a Saxon one. His Pedigree is clearly deduc'd from King Alfreds ſtud; that he is of the Saxon breed is as demonſtrably prov'd as that Cicero (*b*) and Brutus never did write *their* Epiſtles, nor Mr. Boyle *his own* examination about Phalaris.

Tis time now to make ſome curſary obſervations on the former preſcription. One is *critical*, the other *hiſtorical* and the laſt *pharmaceutical*.

1ſt. You muſt not for the world write it ELECTUARY but ELECTARY. Either Dr. St——k——y's Securis has been at this word, or a letter has been eras'd by a committee of diſſecting knives in Warwick-lane. This new-faſhion'd manner of ſpelling is deriv'd to us from the indiſputable authority of one Cælius Aurelianus, " the " moſt

whoſe wings he abus'd all mankind, but Dr. Middleton and Mr. Toll, which ſeems as great a miracle, as Julian's. See more of this Genius in a Letter to the moſt Impudent man living, printed for ———

(*b*) See two very learned treatiſes by Tunſtall and Markland, with Dr. Bentley's diſſertation on Phalaris

" moſt ancient author we have who has " mention'd this (*a*) word." As Cælius Aurelianus certainly wrote the pureſt Latin and ſpell'd the pureſt of any African writer in Europe, except that Negro tranſlator of Irenæus; and ſince ſo learned a body as the College of Phyſicians patronize this reading, far be it from us to diſpute the point; but to ſubmit implicitly, admire their capacities and look upon all our predeceſſors as fools. They were under an incomprehenſible error when they form'd Electuarium from Electus, a ſubſtantive of the 4th declenſion, and not from electus a paſſive participle, or an adjective, which muſt make Electarium. From this indiſputable evidence of Cælius Aurelianus and the weighty authority of ſo judicious a ſet of Criticks, correct Cato (*b*) for promptuarium read *meo periculo* promptarium; and (*c*) Caeſar likewiſe apage iſtud Æſtuarium et lege Æſtarium. This peice of exact criticiſm, I offer you as genuine, new, ſubſtantial and infallible; and ſhould have approv'd of the lucky alteration of Electuarium, had the Committee been ingenuous enough to have confeſs'd that the Codex



(*a*) Lond. Diſpens. tranſlated by Pemberton 8vo. 333.
(*b*) De Re ruſtica.
(*c*) De bell. Gall. l. 2. c. 28

Pariſienſis had made this ſurprizing diſcovery twelve years before our little conciſe fineer'd (*a*) ſimplex Blanditijs to the company of London Apothecaries was publiſh'd.

2. The next obſervation is *hiſtorical*. I acknowledge an *Owl*'s egg is an unuſual magnitude for a medicinal doſe: but it was thought here not too large, becauſe all Students who are form'd by nature for antiquities are furniſh'd with *large ſwallows*. I would have them like the family of the St——k——y's. You muſt *be inform'd* that there were two Williams, one was a Phyſician at Grantham, the other a Divine at Stamford and London. They both deſended from the ancient houſe of Stevekele, both their Chriſtian and Sirnames were the ſame: and tho' they were both as like as Virgil's twins.

——— ——— ——— *proles*
*Indiſcreta ſuis gratusq; parentibus error,*

Yet they were very different men. The Phyſician believ'd nothing but the moſt *incredible* things of the Celtic Gods; the other as appears by a late ſermon preach'd before the College of Phyſicians, avowedly

(*a*) This ſhould have been the motto of the diſpenſary, inſtead of ſimplex munditijs.

ly believes in the Devil and all his works. The Phyſician had a particular affection for an aged Owl, probably becauſe it was a ſymbol of one of his Goddeſſes, whom he ador'd by this repreſentative; tho' he often pray'd to her, his prayers, like his practice, vaniſh'd into air. This Owl was a preſent from a noble Dutcheſs (*a*) whether as a curioſity, or a reproof; by way of civility or ſatyr, is a point not determin'd to this day. However the Maſter made the bird the companion of his ſtudies, and the confident of his Soliloquies. He perpetually gaz'd at the eyes of his Bird as if it had been his looking glaſs, and indeed that was the only one he ever us'd. This rara avis was his bona avis, alwaies ſtood fix'd upon a perch on his right hand; but the Maſter was unfortunately curs'd, as Virgil ſays, with a *left-handed* mind. An oil extracted from the fæces of the auſpicious bird was giv'n to his Apothecary, at Stamford, as a Noſtrum for the Gout. The Doctor from the ſacred gravity, or lulling compoſure in the countenance of his Friend, commenc'd inſtantly an errant Antiquarian; but it cannot be aſſerted whether from inſpiration, intuition or *ab ovo* (*b*).

At

(*a*) The *late* Duke of Ancaſter's Dutcheſs.

(*b*) See this full account in ſome MSS verſes, repoſited in the muniment houſe at Grantham.

At laſt the poor Owl like other mortals dy'd; the funeral was order'd, the relations of the deceas'd invited, and the Alderman and Corporation, attended with particular formality. When the words *duſt to duſt* were pronounc'd, an elegant Latin Oration was ſpoke over the grave, for the inſtruction of the audience, and to pacify the manes of the Owl by the ſadly-ſurviving Patron of his once faithful Libertus. What became of the Author, I don't know, he found it neceſſary to change his *cloths* and make off; ſo that the world continues ſtill under the mortification of being depriv'd of a ſingular compoſition, which like it's ſubject when alive, avoids the light.

*Et tenebris latet and ſeſe caligine paſcit.*

I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, in the firſt entrance on my *Pharmaceutical* obſervation, that this Recipe was not intirely my own. I think nevertheleſs, that I have ſome ſhare in the property, as I have taken immenſe pains, to decypher an hieroglyphical hand, and us'd the utmoſt caution and preciſion, to whittle the medicine into the preſent faſhionable taſt. I met with the original in a MS. of Brother Symons, a Monk, of the Abby of St James's in Northampton.

He

He has collected a great many receipts from *Hippocras*, *Gallienus* and *Kelſus*, authors I imagine now loſt; but *this* probably was taken out of ſome *Arabian* phyſician. To realize the groteſque characters, to pare off the excreſcences of the medicine, to ſettle the true ſpelling of each Latin word, and then to conſtrue them all into plain Engliſh, was a taſk almoſt inſuperable. I never could have got thro' it, had I not been fortunately poſſeſs'd of and well acquainted with all, that is about 250 *Antidotariums*, *Apothecariums*, *Diſpenſatoriums* and *Pharmacopœas*, from the XIV. to the middle of the XVIII. century: when *one* was publiſh'd: "That our College might have "the honour to be one of the firſt medi-"cal Societies in Europe, which have due-"ly undertaken a (*a*) Reformation." In the Original there were ſeveral nuts as Cheſnuts, Cypreſs, Walnuts, *&c.* Theſe I threw away, as all (*b*) Kernels may be ſuſpected to be poiſon and no *Antidote* is left, in the preſent Diſpenſary to expell it. To make the med'cine efficacious, I ejected all ſimples heterogeneous to my own *private* opinion; to render it palatable, I baniſh'd a few indeed *efficacious* Ingredients; to

(*a*) Narrative to Lond. Diſp. tranſlated by H. P. p. 38.

(*b*) Ib. p. 76. Mead on poiſons. 273.

to make the remaining efficacious ones, creep ſecurely into the offices of digeſtion, chylification and ſanguification, I doubl'd the quantities of ſome, as the *Probable*; *Seem to be*; *May be*; which have very little *taſte*, yet ſerve as ſheaths to carry the others down, and dark lanthorns to light them thro' all the allies to their places of deſtination. I preſerv'd the *ſpices* in the Species in a moderate quantity, enough I hope for the Hyſterical Ladies, the whetters, the Slipſlops and Freethinkers. I put in but a ſmall quantity, leaſt they ſhould fly to the head, to which I would have nothing aim'd but the two bottles of Barley wine. I think I have now adapted it to the applauded ſimplicity of the very laſt diſpenſary. *Simplicity*, Sir, is the beauty of Architecture; the delicacy of Gardening; the expreſſion of Muſick; the ſoul of Painting and the true baſis of Morality: In Philoſophy 'tis Experiment; in Geometry demonſtration; in Medecine longævity; in Compoſition ſublimity; in Religion freethinking; but in Metaphyſicks a chimera. It ſhines thro this remarkable book, from the title page to the Index, but moſt ſtrongly in the Narrative. The fable is ſimple, the Sentiments ſimple, and the diction ſimple. Notwithſtanding what ſome Criticks ſay of its being wrote in a formal,

forc'd,

forc'd Parcelfic, Bombaſtic ſtyle, and that there is *much too* (*a*) *little* good Engliſh in it: I avow the hiſtorical facts to be curious, tho' not inſtructive; and brought to light out of the deepeſt obſcurity; The language eaſy where it can be underſtood, and pompous where it is not; The whole compil'd for the benefit, if not under the direction of a club of Apothecaries; as may be fairly conjectur'd by the Dialect. It is certainly one of the moſt ſingular compoſitions that has been wrote lately in Phyſick, except ſome few treatiſes pen'd by that Comet of a Phyſician, the once famous Dr. Th——m——n, which are now but in very few hands: He, we hear, is abſconded from the *practiſe*, to the *ſtudy* of Phyſic.

The Narrative however may caſually ſerve ſome uſes. Tho' the medicina Diætetica or Kitchen Phyſic is below the dignity of a College, or any of its members; yet from this Diſpenſary you may catch ſome good and beneficial hints. Taſt the ingredients for the (*b*) compoſition of your Punch ſeperate; the Lemon is vaſtly too acid, the Sugar too ſweet, the Rum too ſtrong and the water too weak; mix but



(*a*) Narrat. p. 37.

(*b*) See the Committee's method of anatomizing the Confectio Raleighana to a Sceleton. Narr. p. 111.

drink not of it—It is a palatable (*a*) poiſon. Eat the ſweet to damp your appetite, the Acid to ſet an edge to your teeth, drink your water with your meals and your Rum after with your Friends. Eat only your roaſt beef at your dinner and your horſe-radiſh at ſupper; then will you be eſteem'd a right *ſimple* fellow by every man in England exeept Dr. M——n——o.

Had the committee like wiſe ſerious and attentive obſervers watch'd only the waters of the Diſpenſary, it might have had a favourable Criſis. But they have purg'd it too much, it is vaſtly fall'n away, it is in a deep Conſumption. The inhabitants of the Pharmacopæa, which have been in quiet poſſeſſion for many years, have ſuffer'd an Outlawry, been depriv'd of their original family Chriſtian and Sir-names by a forceable Diſſeiſin. By this means will be brought ſuch an attainder and corruption on the blood of his Majeſtys liege men, that no Act of Parliament can ſalve: and to the detriment of trade and the revenue of imports, medicines will become as ſcarce as pladds in Scotland, or dry eyes in England for the Prince of Wales.

I hope if ever this book ſhould bear a ſecond edition it will be refer'd to a Committee

(*a*) Cheyne on health and long life.

mittee of ſafety to (*a*) *reſimplicate* it: that the College will borrow Mr. W——b——n's flail to beat it, (*b*) Mr. Fr——kes coſtive hand to bend it, Dr. ɔt—k—y's Securis to cut it, the company of Apothecarys to gild it and advertiſe it at the cheap rate, of *thirteen pence half-penny*. For it deſerves *that* price, as it muſt do *execution*. Should this ever be effected, the Engliſh nation may be ſecure, from having this treatiſe ſlide into their bellies; but may find it lurking in the ſhops of the Bookſellers, 'till pavements, cauſewaies, Caſtles are no more.



(*a*) Reſimplico is a word of the exemplary Cælius Aurelianus, which I believe was a chirurgical term and ſignified *to cut for the ſimples*. The blundering Editors have mangl'd the text by ſplitting the word and reading, res implicantes. u. Ed. Almhoov. p. 438. et paſſim. Cælius Aurelianus, is a tranſlation of Soranus; and this emendation I founded upon a Greek MS of that Author, which, God forgive me, I ſtole out of a library at Mount Athos, at the riſk of my Life.

(*b*) A hard-bound writer of a book about Electricity; and another about Surgery.

# CONTENTS.


## LETTER I.

A Preamble of a School-boy—A peep at a Town and a Caſtle—A doubt whether it be Britiſh, Roman or Saxon—Julius Caeſar knew nothing of it, that's poz—Muſgrave miſtaken, St—k—y miſtaken, every body miſtaken but the Author—Monks were good ſcholars—Roman coins and Penates found here—Why they were hid—Mr Wiſe hinted to be *otherwiſe*.

## LETTER II.

A Speech of an old Woman on Ruins—Roger Poor Biſhop of Saliſbury, ſuddenly metamorphiz'd into poor Roger—King Stephen a Pretender—Alexander Biſhop of Lincoln a Son of a whore—Henry Blois Biſhop of Wincheſter an eccleſiaſtical Bully—His brother King Stephen a pick-pocket.


LET-

## LETTER III.

Fitzhubert an errant Freethinker—Dy'd in his ſhoes—The Caſtle not heard of for 100 years, being hid all that time in a miſt—A pauſe in the narration for a muzzy deſcription—A long tedious Story about Hubert de Burgo Lord Chancellor—How he had like to have been kidnapp'd and how he conjur'd himſelf thro' a Keyhole into a Monaſtry—Henry the third out at Elbows—Account of a Trap-door near the High-Altar in Merton Priory very convenient for prime Miniſters in the Suds—A diſpute between Captain Geoffry Crancomb and an honeſt ſturdy anonymous Blackſmith—Henry the third not quite ſo bold a pickpocket as King Stephen—Hubert had nothing to live upon, but bread; water, and his beads, for he would not eat his *own words*.—Peter de Rupibus Biſhop of Wincheſter had a heart as hard as a *ſtone*—Robert Biſhop of Saliſbury ſent ſome Conſtables to the Devil—Hubert conveyed miraculouſly to Wales and never heard of after.

## LETTER IV.

A pair of new faſhion'd ſpectacles recommended to all Antiquarians—Camb-

den

den an old fashion'd wary precise Antiquarian—A List of some ancient Headboroughs—A description of a fine place of ruins—Digressions of use to Authors and booksellers—Castles dye of consumptions—The most antique pair of scales, ever known, try'd—St—k—y almost lost in a Roman ditch of his own making.

## LETTER V.

A true account of the Metamorphosis of a Country town without an Earthquake—Cautions against encouraging the French—Survey of some of the Royal demeans, with hints that may serve towards a history of land-taxes.

## LETTER VI.

A relation of a backsword-match between the Livery men of one that *was*, and another that *would* be a King, in which there were above 1800 broken hearts and heads—of a Game at foot-ball, which the Cornish men kic'd from Round-way hill to Bristol—A dissertation on pocket Gods—Reasons why the Romans hid their's—some Gods yet undispos'd of, to be sold as cheap as old Iron, very proper for many Gentlemens Families that have never a one.

LET-

## LETTER VII.

An Account of a rare Genius, a natural Antiquarian—Directions how to find Antiquities that have been loſt for 2000 Years —and how to write about 'em and about 'em —Whether the Devizes was a Roman town in earneſt, whether it was a large or a little one—A hint about inventors of Crockery ware—St—k—y a Coloſſus of antique erudition—Of Punctuobice a town that cannot be found in any part of the King's dominions—Of Ravennas a highway-man, a hue and cry after him—Origin of Poſt-chaiſes ancient—Account of Roman poſt-boys from an old MS—A tragical Execution, with the dying ſpeech of a Criminal, ſpoken by a Friend.

## LETTER VIII.

An irrecoverable diſeaſe, with the melancholy death of William Baxter the Linguiſt—A ſhort rapſody on the immenſe uſe of Etymological Erudition—A converſation peice in Caricature.

## LETTER IX.

An infallible receipt to make a diſeaſe; neceſſary to be perus'd by the College of phyſicians—Mr. Fra. Wiſe's old White horſe

horſe advertiz'd to be ſold—A critical obſervation on the important word, *Electarium*—An hiſtorical one with ſome curious Anecdotes and an Owlogy—A pharmaceutical one, with complements to the company of Apothecary's—An admiration at the laſt Diſpenſary.

POST-

# POSTSCRIPT.

THE foregoing Papers were wrote by no man living,—for the Author dy'd ſome months ago. The reader may depend upon the truth of all the principal facts; two indeed were receiv'd by tradition, the plan of Br——ne W——ll——s's, villa, and Baxter's manner of dying. The writer intended to have publiſh'd a greater number of Letters by ſubſcription and to have receiv'd the whole money, upon the firſt payment: but found his friends averſe to this method, till they ſaw Br—ne W--ll--s had publiſh'd the third part of his Notitia Parliamentaria. We can now aſſure the publick that this third part will be publiſh'd immediately, after the third volume of the Divine Legation of Moſes. Our Author has left a large book about Stonehenge, not quite finiſh'd. He ſeems only certain that it was erected by ſome of the ſons of Adam, whether by Danes, Saxons, Romans, Britons or Antediluvians he left undetermin'd, till he had carefully (as appears by a Note,) perus'd Geoffry of Mon-

 mouth,

mouth, Nennius, Dion Caſſius, Triſmegiſtus and Sanchoniathon. Several other papers are left, which like this little peice, are intended for the uſe of Lawyers, Divines, Hiſtorians, Antiquarians and Phyſicians; for Men of buſineſs, and Loungers of none. He long entertain'd a diſreliſh for the modern ſort of ſcholarſhip and was not unwilling theſe papers ſhould go to the preſs to prevent, as much as was in his power, many larger from going there; which are apt to dye ſudden deaths, by their own folly, like the Thebans.

Κεῖνοι δε σφέτερησιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο.

THE END.